

JANUARY

NO. 20

10¢

CRACK COMICS

ABOVE THE CITY THE BLACK CONDOR CARRIES
THE SCREAMING HINDU....RELEASE MEANS
UGLY, INSTANT
DEATH.....



THE CLOCK



SPITFIRE



MOLLY THE MODEL



ALIAS THE SPIDER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The

BLACK CONDOR

By Louis
K. Fine,

ACTING THE STRANGE DUAL ROLE OF A DEAD U.S. SENATOR AND ALSO HIS OWN WINGED PERSON, THE BLACK CONDOR'S DOUBLE IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIEND, DR. FOSTER. EVEN HIS FIANCEE, WENDY FOSTER, DOES NOT SUSPECT.

IN THE PERSON OF THE DEAD SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR REACHES FROM A TAXI BEFORE THE WAR DEPARTMENT....

THEN, AS WENDY AND DR. FOSTER ALSO PEER AT THE HEADLINES...

PAPER, BOY!!

WAR OFFICE ROBBERED?? AND SEVERAL CLERKS HAVE LATELY SUFFERED FROM LOSS OF MEMORY..

LOSS OF MEMORY? THAT'S STRANGE! DO YOU THINK SOME UNNATURAL FORCE IS...

WORLD GLOBE
WAR OFFICE VAULT
ROBBED OF DOCUMENTS
F.B.I. BAFFLED

THE CAR IS HALTED IN TRAFFIC..



AS TOM AND WENDY TAKE IN A SHOW



INSIDE THE THEATER...





GOTTA GET THIS MUG OUTA THE WAY NOW...

THE SENATOR'S LIMP FORM IS PUSHED INTO A PACKING BOX....



SOON AFTER.....

ABOUT TIME... ISN'T IT, HARRY?

TWO MINUTES!

WHILE INSIDE A LARGE NEARBY DEPARTMENT STORE... MANIKINS STAND MUTELY...



SUDDENLY THEY SPRING TO LIFE...



OKAY, BOYS!! WE GET THE WATCHMAN FIRST!

GUNS ARE DRAWN AND THERE IS MUFFLED ACTIVITY...



AH..THIS IS ONE WATCHMAN WHOSE WATCHING IS OVER FOR TONIGHT!



EASY, GRAN'PA! NOT A PEEP OUTA YOU OR....

S.. SAY....



AS SEVERAL OF THE MEN WORK
TO OPEN THE STORE'S VAULT...

WHAT A CINCH! I
COULD OPEN THIS WITH
ME EYES SHUT!

WELL...
DO IT!!



BEHIND THE STORE THE
SEDAN IS LOADED WITH FURS

AN' WE GOT
THEIR PAYROLL,
BOSS... OVER
TWO HUNDRED
GRAND!!

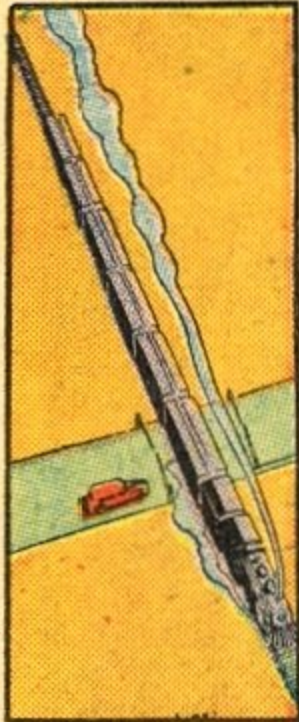
NICE
GOIN'?



OKAY... ALL SET?
LET'S SCRAM!



WHILE ON A
FAST-MOVING
TRAIN...



THE STUNNED SENATOR
WRIGHT STIRS TO LIFE..

WOW! MY HEAD IS
LIKE A BALLOON... AND
THIS CRATE DOESN'T
HELP MY COMFORT!



GOT TO GET OUT
OF THIS WOODEN
KIMONA... SO...



THESE BABIES ARE NO
LONGER DEALING WITH TOM
WRIGHT.. BUT THE BLACK
CONDOR!



LIKE FLIMSY PAPER THE BOX
GIVES WAY AS THE FLYING-MAN
BURSTS FORTH..



THIS
"SHIPMENT"
WILL
BACKFIRE!

HMM.. WE'RE IN THE
SHOW BUSINESS.. MAYBE
I CAN BE ANOTHER ACTOR
IN THIS LITTLE DRAMA!



FREIGHT CAR DOORS ONLY
LOOK STRONG... BUT THIS
RAY PISTOL SOFTENS 'EM...





THAT SPEEDING TRAIN
MADE A GOOD TAKE-
OFF SPOT!

MEANWHILE..THE CROOKED
JASPAR CROW AND MYSTO
THE MAGICIAN LEAVE A
PLANE AT LA GUARDIA
FIELD, NEW YORK..



EVERYTHING
SET AT THE
BANK, MYSTO
?

YES..
FOR 1 A.M.!
RIGHT
AFTER
MY ACT
CLOSES!



MYSTO IS GOOD. THIS
THEATRE IS SOLD OUT.. WE
CAN'T GET A TICKET!!

AS THE HINDU COMES TO THE
CLOSING OF HIS ACT....

FROM A HAT A SWARM OF PIGEONS ARE SENT WINGING OVER THE
AUDIENCE... FLYING AMONG THEM IS THE **BLACK CONDOR**.....



.. AND NOW, MY FINAL
WONDER FEAT... WATCH
CLOSELY...



LOOK!!

HE'S
LIKE A
BIRD!!

IT'S A
MAN!!
FLYING!!!

W..WHAT
??!!



WHAT THING
ARE YOU?!!
DON'T TOUCH
ME! DON'T
TOUCH ME!

I'LL MAKE
YOU DISA-
PEAR NOW,
MYSTO!



HA! HA! WE'VE GIVEN
THAT AUDIENCE A
SHOW THEY WON'T
FORGET, EH,
FAKIR?

HELP!



NOW.. WHERE'S THAT
OTHER CROOK JASPAR
CROW?.. OR SHALL I
JUST DROP YOU?

NO! NO!!
HE'S
AT THE
REGENT
HOTEL!



THE BLACK CONDOR, NOW AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, HURRIES TOWARD CROW'S ROOM....



CROW'S CAB GRINDS TO A STOP
AT THE WATERFRONT...

HURRY, YOU GUYS! WE'VE
ONLY GOT A MATTER OF
MINUTES!



TOM WRIGHT ROARS TO A HALT...

THEY'RE GONE.. BUT WHERE?
THE WHARF IS DESERTED...



HMM.. SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR-
BOAT... BUT NO BOAT IN SIGHT
IN THIS HARBOR...



THAT BIG SEWER OUTLET!!
THAT MIGHT TELL ME
SOMETHING!



AGAIN THE MILD SENATOR WRIGHT
BECOMES THE DREADED BLACK
CONDOR...

I SEEM TO SMELL TROUBLE
ALREADY...



AND FAR AHEAD IN THE SEWER
TUNNEL, CROW AND MYSTO ROAR
ALONG IN A MOTORBOAT...



ARE YOU SURE YOU
PUT THAT BANK GUARD
UNDER THE SPELL,
MYSTO...

THE
GREAT
MYSTO
NEVER
FAILS,
JASPAR!

INSIDE NEW YORK'S GREATEST BANK,
A UNIFORMED MAN USES A TORCH...



THIS GRILL WAS SOFTER THAN
I THOUGHT... BUT I GOTTA
GO EASY WITH THESE HERE
EXPLOSIVES!



A DISTANT BLAST ROCKS THE
TUNNELS...

AN EXPLOSION! AHEAD...
THINGS ARE GETTING WARM!



WHAT'S THIS?! WHY, I'M RIGHT UNDER THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE BANK! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT...



THEN, BLASTING UP THROUGH A MANHOLE COVER TO THE STREET COMES THE BLACK CONDOR

SORRY TO FRIGHTEN THE GOOD CITIZENS, BUT...



I'LL JUST SWOOP DOWN AND BLAST THAT BANK ALARM WITH MY RAY PISTOL...



THE ALARM GOES OFF WITH A WILD, INSISTANT CLAMOR..



IT'S THE EXCHANGE BANK! IMAGINE MUGS NERVY ENOUGH T'THINK THEY CAN TAP THAT VAULT!



NOT HEARING THE ALARM, CROW AND HIS MEN LOAD MILLIONS IN GOLD INTO THEIR BOAT....



THAT'S ALL.. YOU GO GET OUR BANK GUARD, MYSTO...

QUICK, FELLOW... COME! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!

STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



YOU POLICE STOP! I COMMAND YOU!



AND IN GROTESQUE RUNNING POSES THE POLICE FREEZE TO THE SPOT...



THE BOAT'S GONE...COME, GUARD... WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

AS CROW'S BOAT SPEEDS OUT FROM THE SEWER OPENING THE BLACK CONDOR IS PERCHED ABOVE..



SO! MYSTO ISN'T WITH THEM!

HA! THEY SEE THE POLICE THAT I HAD STATIONED THERE... WELL, THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF!



VERY QUIET AROUND THIS FRONT OF THE BANK!!



AS THE BLACK CONDOR ENTERS HE SEES THE STATUE-LIKE POLICEMEN.....



JUST AS I THOUGHT... MYSTO PUT 'EM TO SLEEP!.. AND STANDING UP!

SOON AFTER....

AH..THERE GOES MY PAL MYSTO.. HEADING FOR THAT PIER!



UP WE GO! FOR YOUR SECOND FLYING LESSON, MYSTO.. AND MAYBE YOUR LAST!!



SPARE ME! SPARE ME! I DID NOTHING!

HERE!! I'LL DROP YOU DOWN IN THAT WATER RIGHT BESIDE THOSE NICE POLICEMEN!!!



I'LL DROWN! I'LL DROWN!!

ONCE AGAIN AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR SCANS NEWS HEADLINES...

READ ALL ABOUT IT!! MYSTO DROPS OUT OF SKY INTO HANDS OF POLICE! READ IT!!



SORRY ABOUT LEAVING YOU IN THE THEATER, WENDY... I WAS KIDNAPPED BY MYSTO AND CROW..

YES DEAR.. I READ OF MYSTO... HE HYPNOTIZED PEOPLE AND MADE CROOKED MANIKINS OF THEM.. BUT THE BLACK CONDOR FIXED HIM!



MADAM

FATAL

AND THE LEAGUE OF
HUNTED MEN

NOT EVEN TUBBY WHITE,
NEW-FOUND FRIEND OF
THE OLD LADY KNOWN AS
MADAM FATAL, KNOWS
THAT "SHE" IS A DISGUISE
FOR RICHARD STANTON,
FORMER ACTOR WHO
SECRETLY OPPOSED
THOSE OUTSIDE THE LAW...

IT IS EVENING AS RICHARD
STANTON BUYS A PAPER...

SO
YOU'RE
TAKING
SCRAPPY
NELSON'S
PLACE, EH?

YEAH, MR.
STANTON—
IT'S BEEN
A WEEK
SINCE HE
DISAPPEARED!

HMM...
CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT!

GREAT SCOTT!
ANOTHER
CRIME WAVE...





HAVING HAD ENOUGH THE THUGS TAKE QUICK LEAVE....



AT HOME STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE OF THE FEARED MADAM FATAL....



THEY FIGHT FURIOUSLY BUT THE GODS ARE TOO GREAT.....



IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE MADAM FATAL DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS.....



WHAT TH-!!
TH' OLD LADY'S GONE - LOOK HIGH AND LOW!
BOYS - SHE MIGHT TIP OFF THE COPS!!

LET'S GET GOING - MOVE ALONG FAT BOY!



HA-HA! THEY'RE LOOSEN' LOW BUT NOT HIGH!



GET IN THERE - WE'LL TEND TO YOU LATER!

TUBBY-



SCRAPPY!
GOSH-TH' WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD'S BEEN LOOSEN' FOR YA - WHAT'S COOKIN'?

IT'S MY STEP-UNCLE MYCROFT, AND HIS LEAGUE OF HUNTED MEN! THEY'RE ALL ESCAPED CONVICTS AND THIS IS THEIR HIDEOUT!!



BUT UNCLE MYCROFT SAYS AT TWELVE TONIGHT HE'S GOIN' TO LET ME GO - SO THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT - SEE?

LET YA GO? THEN WHY'S HE GOT YA DOWN HERE? HE'S UP TO SOMETHIN' - I CAN FEEL IT! WE'VE GOTTA BE UP THERE AT TWELVE AND SEE WHAT IT IS... BUT FIRST - LISTEN-



WE GOT ORDERS TO COOK THESE TWO AT THE SIDINGS O' TWELVE... WHAT TH-! THEY'RE GONE!!

IT CAN'T BE-



UGH-!

I'LL GET IM-

AS THE THUG RUSHES AT SCRAPPY, A HUGE FORM LEAPS AT HIM...



THE TWO BOYS LEAD FOR THE FIRST THUG....



MEANWHILE MADAM FATAL MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ENTER DOOR MANSION....



WHEN! BETTER NOT-LOOK DOWN... HEAR VOICES IN THERE!



IT'S ALMOST TWELVE, LAWYER SNEAD- I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU SCRAPPY NELSON'S DISAPPEARED AND HADN'T BEEN HEARD FROM!



I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. LEECH- AS THE NEAREST RELATIVE TO THE LATE OWNED OF DOOM MANSION I'M GOING TO TURN OVER HIS FORTUNE AND ESTATE TO YOU AT EXACTLY TWELVE--

SUDDENLY THERE IS A VOICE FROM THE OPEN BALCONY....

HE'S LYING--SCRAPPY NELSON IS IN THIS ROOM-- NOW --



WHAT TH-! AN OLD LADY....

BLAST YA ALL- HEY BOYS!!

HERE I AM--



AT LEECH'S CALL, HARDENED THUGS POUR INTO THE ROOM...



WE'LL GIT RID O' THEM BOSS!

GRAB TH' OLD LADY--

MADAM FATAL GOES INTO ACTION...



A THUG GOES FOR HIS GUN...



AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE THE BATTLE GOES ON...



A CRASHING BLOW KNOCKS OUT THE LAST THUG...



MYCROFT LEECH KNOWS HIS GAME IS UP...



WITH A FLYING LEAP LEECH DIVES FROM THE BALCONY...



HE'S DISAPPEARED... WE'LL FIND OUT LATER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM—IN THE MEANTIME WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AND TELL THEM THE LEAGUE OF HUNTED MEN HAVE BEEN FOUND!



BELOW, A FIGURE DROPS FROM THE TREE AND SLINKS AWAY...



AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH YOUR NEW FORTUNE, SCRAPPY?

I'M GOIN' TO JOIN UP WITH YOU TWO AND HELD FIGHT COME, BADAAM FATAL—THAT'S IF YOU'LL LET ME—HEH?

